

The Evening World
Published by the Times Publishing Company.
THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 16.
SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE EVENING WORLD
(Including Postage):
PER MONTH.....\$3.00
PER YEAR.....\$33.00
Vol. 31.....No. 16,681
Entered at the Post Office at New York as second-class matter.
BRANCH OFFICES:
WORLD TOWN OFFICE—1267 Broadway, between 31st and 32nd sts., New York.
BROOKLYN—359 Fulton St., BROOKLYN—New Department, 150 East 12th St., Advertisements at 237 East 11th St.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Lancaster Building, 119 South 6th St., WASHINGTON—610 14th St., LONDON OFFICE—33 Cockspur St., TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

VICTORY.
The fight of the people, abetted by THE EVENING WORLD, to make the Fourth Avenue Tunnel safe is to-day crowned with victory. The Sulzer-Byrne bill to light and ventilate the tunnel was passed by the Assembly without a dissenting vote. Yesterday the Senate unanimously passed it. All that now remains is that the Governor sign it, when it will become a law.

The bill in its present form empowers the Railroad Commissioners to order whatever changes in the tunnel they may deem necessary, giving, however, power to the city authorities to object to anything which may unduly mar the avenue under which the tunnel runs, or that which may prove objectionable to those living in the vicinity.

The bill as originally presented made it mandatory upon the railroad company to make the necessary reforms, and had it passed in that shape might have produced quicker results. The report of the Railroad Commissioners, however, in which they say that the tunnel is absolutely unsafe, and recommend changes, puts them on record, so that, practically, the amendment to the Sulzer-Byrne bill does not affect its usefulness.

The obtaining of legislation in this matter is a great triumph for the public, which heretofore in its conflicts with the New York Central Railroad has invariably been worsted. It is also a matter of great pride to THE EVENING WORLD, because it has been the hardest of its many fights for the people's welfare. After the Governor signs the bill the Railroad Commissioners have but to direct the necessary changes. The bill gives both civil and criminal relief for violation of any order made in the premises. Great credit is due to Assemblymen SULZER and BYRNE and to Senator ARNOLD for their good work in helping secure this most necessary measure.

MR. BLAINE AND ITALY.
MR. BLAINE continues to hold in his correspondence with the Italian Government the advantage which became his with his first extended communication regarding the trouble at New Orleans. He maintains the dignity both of Federal and State Government and exposes to the foreign diplomats the admirable balance of responsibility between these elements embodied in the principles upon which our National being is founded.

Injured Italian residents, or injured residents of any other foreign nationality, are entitled, like our own citizens, to whatever redress proven circumstances and the courts may indicate as justly due. But the foreign residents have the right, superior to that of our own citizens, of bringing suit in the Federal courts; and whatever assurance Mr. BLAINE gives to the Italian Government is to the effect that this right shall be strictly recognized, and that the circumstances upon which the claims for redress or indemnity are based shall be well and thoroughly examined. If it shall then appear that a sufficient case has been established to warrant Federal action in the premises, the matter will be considered a proper one for submission before the Congress.

Mr. BLAINE rightfully emphasizes the fact that the United States is not an insurer of life or property for its foreign residents. He also conveys again, in diplomatic phrase, the refusal of this Government to be worried or hurried by a blustering demonstration growing out of an effort for political effect in a foreign nation.

WHY NOT ALL DAY?
The establishing of the flower market in Union Square has been such a success that there is every reason why it should be open all day, instead of closing at 7 o'clock in the morning. The number of visitors to the square, even at the early hours, gives proof of the interest felt in this beautiful display.

Let the flower merchants have the whole day for their wares, or at least till noon. Cut flowers ought to be exhibited for sale there as well as potted plants. The love of flowers is singularly universal. The poor are as fond of them as the rich. The influence of these exquisite blooms is refreshing and their display is the source of much innocent pleasure.

Great impetus has been given by this change of stand for the florists, and they should be still further encouraged by allowing them more time for the disposal of their delicate wares. Everybody will profit by it in one way or another, and nobody can make any reasonable objection. Let them stay all day.

AN INDICATION OF SANITY.
Miss ANNA DICKINSON is about to make her term in an insane asylum the theme of platform comment. She is bitter against her sister, whom she charges with being semi-mad for years. Miss DICKINSON seems to have improved physically during her incarceration, though she says the place reeked with carbolic acid, that the food was too bad to eat and the patients to natter to let her

sleep. One proof of sanity which Miss DICKINSON exhibits is her appreciation of the episode, and the notoriety given to it as advertisement. Whether she has lost her mind or not, she has lost her money, and wants to get some more.

These poor rich men do not like to be extravagant. Some of the would-be members of the Millionaire Club talk sadly over the modest request that they send \$100 as the initial assessment for the \$300 initiation fee. Conservative Union Club men are balking at the expense of an up-town building for themselves. Economy may be pushed too far by a rich man. What kind of a Cossack is he who balks at a paltry \$100 for a club grounded on money?

Mr. HENRY M. STANLEY may not be Governor of the Congo Free State, but he leaves America over one hundred thousand dollars richer for his having lectured here one hundred times. HENRY ought to go back and write a book on "In Brightest America." It would be more according to precedent, however, for him to say disagreeable things about us.

BISMARCK must feel somewhat chagrined that the race for election between himself and the Socialist candidate, SCHUMPFELD, is so close. The world at large knows nothing of SCHUMPFELD, while BISMARCK was once admired, feared or hated everywhere. Yet it is neck and neck between the two.

The Portuguese Cabinet has resigned. Monarchs seem to be getting into bad ways generally. They go to pieces or get tangled up in a way that suggests decay. If they would quietly and quickly rot to death it would be a gain to the world.

Miss COZINS, the determined Secretary of the Board of Lady Managers of the Columbian Exposition, refuses to be removed, and a rattling legal fight is promised. Chicago is wasting too much exhibition before the regular opening day.

There was a great massing of millionaires yesterday at the hearing before the Senate General Laws Committee on the bill to reduce the legal rate of interest to 5 per cent, and the Committee did not seem at all crushed.

The Providence Journal hits the nail on the head when it says that "President HARRISON will not be the first American politician to mistake crowds at railroad stations for the people of the United States."

Mrs. DINA DREAR's remark in her farewell letter that she would come back in spirit form, seems to be verified. Folks in Brooklyn, Rahway and Buffalo claim to have seen her and at the same time.

Commissioner GUGENHEIMER made a strong fight in the Board of Education yesterday against the elimination of German from the public school course. Our educational system cannot be too good.

Inspector BYRNES's sweeping charges against the big running horse owners have created great commotion in the racing world. Their substitution would make a still greater flurry.

Acting Gov. BOLKELEY, of Connecticut, has at least some sense of the fitness of things. He employs a criminal lawyer to look after his case in the courts.

The question is asked, "Is JAY GOULD in a corner?" If he is there are big probabilities that he will turn it around and play lobby-horse on its aisle.

A Washington correspondent likes President HARRISON's trip to NAPOLÉON's crossing of the Alps. The strong resemblance is in individual height.

Mr. BLAINE doesn't ask Italy to give him a rest. He goes out on the Potomac and takes one.

SPOTLETS.
Do your enemies say they would do you some like a meadow mouse? If so, write to them as you would that they should do so.

When a worm is on a leaf he doesn't enjoy it a bit. He is on the leaf's back.

Now that the flower man is established look out for blooming matters to the cause.

Buddhists ought to make good florists.

He wrote a sonnet to his lady's hair. In his poem he said of Pegasus, to get her. But when he tried to sing he found he was not a poet.

A woman was offered a dress if she would sew a cord of wood. She came and sewed and conquered.

Philadelphia has no professional cooks. It is a vast town rather than an eating one.

Thomas G. Platt would do well to remember that a pig never is enjoyed more than when it is "laid out."

It is positively disheartening that a clergyman should be named Mutchmore. When he starts to preach who would care to think of his name?

When a medium gets out of a job it is a case of Rapid Transit hit.

WORLDLINGS.
Nebeker, the new Treasurer of the United States, is a short, stout man, with a round and rather florid face marked by a black moustache. He is about forty years old.

Gen. A. J. Smith, one of the heroes of the Federal Army, looks hardly older than he did when he commanded the finest body of troops that followed "Pop" Price through Missouri. He was then past middle age, but time has left hardly with him.

Miss Nellie, the prima donna, with whom the young Duke of Orleans fell so madly in love when in Vienna, is an Australian woman of English parentage. She is handsome, robust, and full of the chin that is characteristic of women from the antipodes.

Gen. Boulanger is said to have lost much of the good looks and gallant bearing that gave him the name of "le petit général." He has recently been dining in Brussels.

Small brooches in fantastic forms are popular among the ladies of Paris. One in the shape of a new book, popularized by Miss Garnet, is especially in vogue.

A Quaker Pisco.
[From Society's Weekly.]
What is a Wall street? asked the Englishman.
"It is a place," replied the American, "where the charitable poor contribute money to support the deserving rich."

DR. GREENE, of 84 Temple place, will give his interesting illustrated lecture on the Nervous System this evening at the New Lyceum Opera-House, corner Third Avenue and East Thirty-fourth street. Friday night the lecture will be private; to gentlemen only. These lectures are highly illustrated, and are entirely free.

HOME FOR WOMEN

Nell Nelson Tells of a Most Worthy and Charitable Institution.

Victims of Poverty or Misfortune Made Comfortable for a Time.

No Sect or Creed Recognized—All Are Welcome.

Of all the charitable and benevolent homes for poor women in New York City there is not one to compare with the Temporary Home in point of liberality, humanity and benevolence. This institution is neither comfortable nor prosperous. Everything about it is bare, poor and inadequate. The place is clean, warm, wholesome and respectable, but the floors are partially covered with cheap carpet, there is an insufficiency of chairs, the bed coverings are of a mid-summer weight, there are no pictures on the walls and only a few papers and magazines on the library shelves; but for all this interior nakedness there is a freedom about the place that commands it to shipwrecked and dependent women.

There are few or no rules to be broken. There are no set questions requiring sworn answers. The Matron is a tender-hearted little woman who hasn't any time to collect biographical sketches, and doesn't care whether the applicant was baptized, vaccinated, educated or married. To nationality, history, religion and politics she is equally indifferent. The applicant for a night's lodging or a week's board is ushered into her private room, where some casual conversation as this ensues:

"You would like to remain in the Home a few days, I am told."

"Yes."

"Well, tell me your name, what your business has been and what you expect to do in New York, and we will try and take care of you."

Then comes the old, sad story of want and woe, of suffering and distress, anxiety and discouragement of the unhappy stranger or the miserable wife driven into the street by a degraded and unnatural husband.

All that goes on the entry sheet is the date of application, name and occupation with a single remark suggested by the circumstances. The girl may have been sent from one of the charity organizations, she may have been recommended by a former guest, or she may come from a director. She may not have a dime in her pocket, but provided she was not intoxicated or depraved in appearance she would be admitted and made comfortable for the night. While she remained in the Home she would not be treated like an inmate, a criminal or a mendicant. The doors are never locked. Inmates are at liberty to come and go when they like, and all through thought given to understand that the house is closed at 10:30 o'clock every evening. Even a so-called prowler who rang the bell at midnight and asked for shelter would be admitted by the mute doorkeeper. It is all well enough for the virtuous and fortunate to prate and scoff at the wisdom of this kind of freedom and indulgence, but husbands and even mistresses have been known to open the door and drive into the street helpless women who have incurred their displeasure. Religious regulations would deprive them from various institutions calculated to benefit the forlorn and unhappy. Money would keep them from going to a public hotel, and in the absence of friends choice would have to be made between the police station and the haunts of the vicious. The good women who established the Home were cognizant of all this when they left its management to the discretion of the Matron.

The following quotations are taken from the seventh annual report:

During the past year the beds have been rented 11,224 times by adults, and occupied by children 375 times.

Private rooms at \$2 per week rented 178 times.

The beds rent at 15, 30 and 50 cents per night.

Twenty-five thousand five hundred and ten meals served in the restaurant at an average of 10 cents each.

Number of baths taken, 2,041.

Number of trunks stored, 4,453.

Number of women attending Sunday evening service, 1,284.

Two facts are suggested from the above. Indifference to the bath and religious exercise. Baths are furnished at one cent each, which provides for hot or cold water, two towels and a piece of soap, but of the 11,224 women and their 375 babies only 2,041 cared for a scrubbing. Whether this apathy was due to poverty or aquatic exercise could not be ascertained. Dread of "la grippe" may have intimidated the unwashed 9,000.

The Sunday evening prayers, which are largely song services, are optional, those religiously inclined preferring to go out to church, unless detained by stormy weather.

The Home occupies No. 84 Second Avenue, a substantial four-story building, where an average of fifty women are housed daily. The upper floors contain the beds, which rent at fifteen, twenty and twenty-five cents, according to the number in a room, six being the limit.

Private rooms are 30 cents each. On the main floor are the parlors, one being reserved exclusively for the reception of visitors. If a girl's best fellow calls to see her he is entertained here, and welcome to remain until 10 o'clock. The other parlor contains a long table, about which the girls sit and read or sew. There is always a baby or a little child in the house, on whom the love and sympathy of the boarders is lavished.

The dining-room is in the basement and the laundry is below. A girl orders whatever she can afford. Sixteen cents will pay for a sumptuous dinner of meat, vegetables, bread and butter, pudding and coffee, and in the morning coffee and bread and butter may be had for six cents, or cheese for 10 cents.

The use of the laundry is granted for 10 cents, which included a bar of soap. Last year the receipts only amounted to about \$12. These poor women are not overburdened with clothes, hence the scantiness of their wash.

It would be very sad indeed if these women were so unkind to one another as the world is to them. Somehow they can tell when one of their number is in trouble, and times are bad and the future is dark indeed when they do not "get together" and help a little. Repeatedly purses are opened to pay for a bed, and at breakfast the impetuous lodger jumps to the table and parades of the signs and bites that her friends contribute so gladly and willingly.

Just now one of the inmates is a young woman. She buried her husband several months ago and has not felt strong enough since to go to work. The \$75 left from the benevolent fund after the funeral expenses has enabled her to live at the Home as comfortably and serenely as a Vanderbilt's widow. To pass the time away and distract her thoughts she looks after the comfort of her associates. If any one is ill during the night she gets hot bottles, hot water bottles and hot drinks for the sufferer. She reads the papers and picks out "wants" that may suit the unemployed. She minds the young children when the mothers are away looking for work, and she advances small loans, sews on buttons and repairs old garments.

Another strange little creature is a widow named Mary, sixty years of age, who comes and goes like the birds, always managing in some way to pay her own way. She knits lace and sells it by the yard to any one who admires it. During the warm, sunny days, Winter and Summer, she sits in Stuyvesant Square and knits away for dear life. According to her own statement she is a good place to sell lace. Last year she sold several hundred yards at 85 cents each. The poor old creature often sits up till midnight, when business is brisk, in order to have at least a yard length on her needles "when the ladies go by."

Some droll experiences are told by the Matron in her relation with the girls. They will get out of work, and having no friends will come to the Home when put out of their boarding-houses. Until employment can be found the Matron will have to trust them for board and lodging. The pay while not soon in all instances is sure in every case. Sometimes a delinquent will take and pay up two years from the date of leaving the Home. The bad debts, all told, will not exceed \$3 for the entire seven years the house has been open. That the debtors are not ungrateful is shown by the number of people who come to the Home on their recommendation.

Now and then a whole family will apply for admission. The wife and children taken in, the woman will invariably plead for the husband; but without avail.

A great many strangers frequent the place, but any clean, orderly woman, whether a resident of the city or not, is always received and allowed to remain as long as she cares to. Seamstresses, nurses, shopgirls, domestics and general workers predominate; occasionally a teacher, governess, artist and stenographer gets stranded and gladly avails herself of the shelter of the Home. That it accomplishes a good work goes without saying. It is better than any refuge; it is not only cheaper but freer than any of the so-called women's Christian boarding-houses, and it is accessible to a class of poor, honest, simple-minded wage-earners who will be repulsed at the door of a more aristocratic institution.

The Temporary Home is worthy of support. It is an institution for the lowly and lonely. It has need of the encouragement of the well-to-do women of the community can extend. Household furniture, bedding, blankets, books, reading matter and bits of beauty in the shape of tableware and decorative articles would increase the comforts of the place, make it a little more like a permanent home and have a wonderfully cheering effect upon its 11,000 annual visitors.

NELL NELSON.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Those Spring Capes—Velvet Ribbon Worked with Gold Is Fashionable—Some Prices for Blotters—Butterfly Flourishes of Lace.

The new capes for Spring wear are made quite long. Many of them are finished without a yoke, the fulcrum being adjusted in a neck band, to which the Medall collar is fastened. By some ingenious method the cape is slightly raised on the shoulders, and there is a pretty hood lined with a color, which gives style to what would otherwise be a commonplace and somewhat childish garment. The cape is lined throughout with silk, and ribbons to match fasten it at the throat. At present light colors are most favored, and are likely to remain popular.

I saw Jim Ford in the hands of the barber yesterday, and noticed a regretfully that he was unoccupied by hair on the upper part of his head is larger than ever. This may be due to the fact that Ford has been working at his book, which will come out soon. It is full of his bright, humorous sketches.

What changes time works. I happened to pass through the prison yard at Sing Sing the other day, and in the door of the printing office I saw standing that once mighty financier Ferdinand Ward. Beside this man who had rolled in luxury, whose associates were among the most prominent men in this city, stood a common criminal whose life had been passed among the most vicious, and who had never known more comforts than those found in a howling lodging-house and a brewery. Ward had evidently got off a joke, for he slapped his fellow-convict on the back and with a hearty "Hi! Hi!" laughed as he might have done in the days of his wealth with the jolliest broker on Wall street.

I see that ex-Congressman McAdoo, of New Jersey, was enrolled a member of the Supreme Court Bar yesterday on motion of Col. Fellows. He proposes to practice law in this city.

Speaking of Sing Sing Prison, I know that any charges that Ward made against the use of his appointive power are without foundation. Of his subordinate forty-four are Democrats and thirty-six Republicans. Of the principal officers under him, the executive staff, so to speak, but one is a Republican. He has been a valuable State officer and the prison system of this State owes much to him. He has made a study of prisons, and an evidence of the signal ability with which he has conducted affairs at Sing Sing is the fact that for eleven years he has been undisturbed there, though two-thirds of this time there has been a Democratic administration at Albany.

Warden Brockhouse's friends say that in the event of the Republican again capturing the state they expect that he will be made Superintendent of Prisons in deference to the wishes of prominent men of both parties who regard his experience and study of the subject as having peculiarly fitted him for the general management of our prison system. If it should happen, however, that a politician was given the place, Warden Brockhouse would be expected to resume his old position at Sing Sing. The Warden himself has not made any plans, he tells me, intending to spend the Summer recuperating somewhere in the mountains.

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The Manuscript Society, I see, has just brought its first success to a close in a most creditable manner. As a stimulus to the development of native musical talent the Society is making an excellent record, and each successive public entertainment that it has given has shown a vast improvement over its predecessor, both in the character of the compositions brought out by the members and in the manner of their rendition. In the last concert Edgar Kelley's "Chinese Fantasia," Bruno Over Klein's "Concert Piece" and Mr. Brockhouse's "Suite Orchestre" attracted the most interest and favorable comment.

This is "ladies' day" at the Manhattan Athletic Club and the friends of the chess diamond will doubtless master out in full force. Since the new club-house was opened these receptions have become the most popular and enjoyable of any in the town, and the members of the Club may well be proud of their exceptional advantages in furnishing entertainments for their friends.

I observe that another "horrible example" of the evil effects of the deadly cigarette habit has been recorded. A young man in the Hoosier State has succumbed to the excessive use of the weed in this form, and after his death his body in a short time turned to a livid green. Although this is a terrible warning, there are probably few inveterate cigarette smokers who will pay the slightest heed to it.

Very Strange, Indeed.
[From Texas Slings.]
Gibbooly—What o'clock is it, Charlie?
Charlie Bonclipp—It is ten o'clock.
Gibbooly—What a singular coincidence! I was just going to ask you for it.

At the Ball.
[From Texas Slings.]
Col. Yezzer—Who is that tall young lady over there?
Gibbooly—Well, she was my future wife a couple of months ago. The engagement was broken off.

The Poor Author Again.
[From Mamma's Weekly.]
Penner—The copyright bill will not do us any good.
Liner—Why not?
Penner—Because there is still a duty on books. Our works will be taxed as literary gems.

Excusable.
[From Judge.]
"There he is in Congress, and I don't believe he ever left the station."
"You must remember the poor fellow has weak eyes."

A Natural Affinity.
[From Texas Slings.]
Day—The spirit medium I saw last night had a wonderful affinity for the other medium.
Weeks—What other medium?
Day—The circulating medium.

A Moderate Request.
[From Texas Slings.]
Ethel—Twenty-five dollars, please, papa. I'm going shopping to-day.
Papa—What are you going to buy?
Ethel—Nothing. I want the money for cab fare.

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THE GLEANER.

A friend who was in the South with Mrs. Halford the greater part of the Winter told me that as her health declined she begged to be taken back so that she could die at home. Miss Halford was with her mother constantly. She is an amiable, stylish girl, but not remarkably pretty.

During these beautiful days I often meet small troops of young girls driving through the Park, under the chaperonage of a fine matroned fellow, very erect, with splendid seat and great naughtiness of expression. He is a riding matter, may be a Count, and is teaching the girls how to get along on a horse.

The Kit-Kat Club met their annual dinner at Morelli's this week. Mrs. Dolph, the genial President of the Kit-Kat, tells me the Club is doing splendidly and now numbers sixty-five members. As the young fellows who join the Kit-Kat do so to eat at their art studies better, and not simply for fun or to belong to a club, there is more activity than ever in its ranks.

Young Spalding de Garmentia, who is such a good hand at racquets, owns the Spalding in his name to the old Baltimore family of which Archbishop Spalding was a most prominent member. Mrs. De Garmentia is a Spalding. Foshal Kenev will put de Garmentia on his mettle if he returns from Europe, as he is in a line a sport in the racquet court as in the saddle. At the last horse show, when "Foxy" fell under his horse in the high jumping, I shall not forget how coolly he carried himself up and waited for the animal to get over him. It was very nervy.

I saw Jim Ford in the hands of the barber yesterday, and noticed a regretfully that he was unoccupied by hair on the upper part of his head is larger than ever. This may be due to the fact that Ford has been working at his book, which will come out soon. It is full of his bright, humorous sketches.

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[From Texas Slings.]
Gibbooly—What o'clock is it, Charlie?
Charlie Bonclipp—It is ten o'clock.
Gibbooly—What a singular coincidence! I was just going to ask you for it.

At the Ball.
[From Texas Slings.]
Col. Yezzer—Who is that tall young lady over there?
Gibbooly—Well, she was my future wife a couple of months ago. The engagement was broken off.

The Poor Author Again.
[From Mamma's Weekly.]
Penner—The copyright bill will not do us any good.
Liner—Why not?
Penner—Because there is still a duty on books. Our works will be taxed as literary gems.

Excusable.
[From Judge.]
"There he is in Congress, and I don't believe he ever left the station."
"You must remember the poor fellow has weak eyes."

A Natural Affinity.
[From Texas Slings.]
Day—The spirit medium I saw last night had a wonderful affinity for the other medium.
Weeks—What other